SEPTEMBER
NO. 19

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

PULVERIZES A PREHISTORIC PLUNDERER!

BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action into INDOOR thrills

Jim Prentice IT'S A FENCE BUSTER

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO CALL THE GAME BECAUSE OF DARKNESS!
OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US HERE! NOW ADMIT YOU WERE KIDDING, WHEN YOU SAID WE'D FINISH THE GAME IN YOUR HOME!
NOT AT ALL! WE CAN CONTINUE THE PLAY ON THIS ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
SAY, THAT LOOKS SHARP! LET'S PLAY!

MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE TRIGGER BAT, YOU'LL WIN!
STRIKE HIM OUT, TOM!
I WANT TO PLAY THE WINNER! THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING GAME I'VE SEEN!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING" THE BAT AT THE RIGHT SPLIT SECOND AND KEEP TRACK OF STRIKES, BALLS, HITS, OUTS, RUNS, INNINGS, ETC.!
SCIENTIFIC, YET AS EXCITING AS CAN BE!
PLAY BALL--I'M ALL SET!

SPECIAL $3
if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of $3. Hurry — send for your game — right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE . .
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5 DAYS' TRIAL.

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act fast

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CASH or C.O.D.
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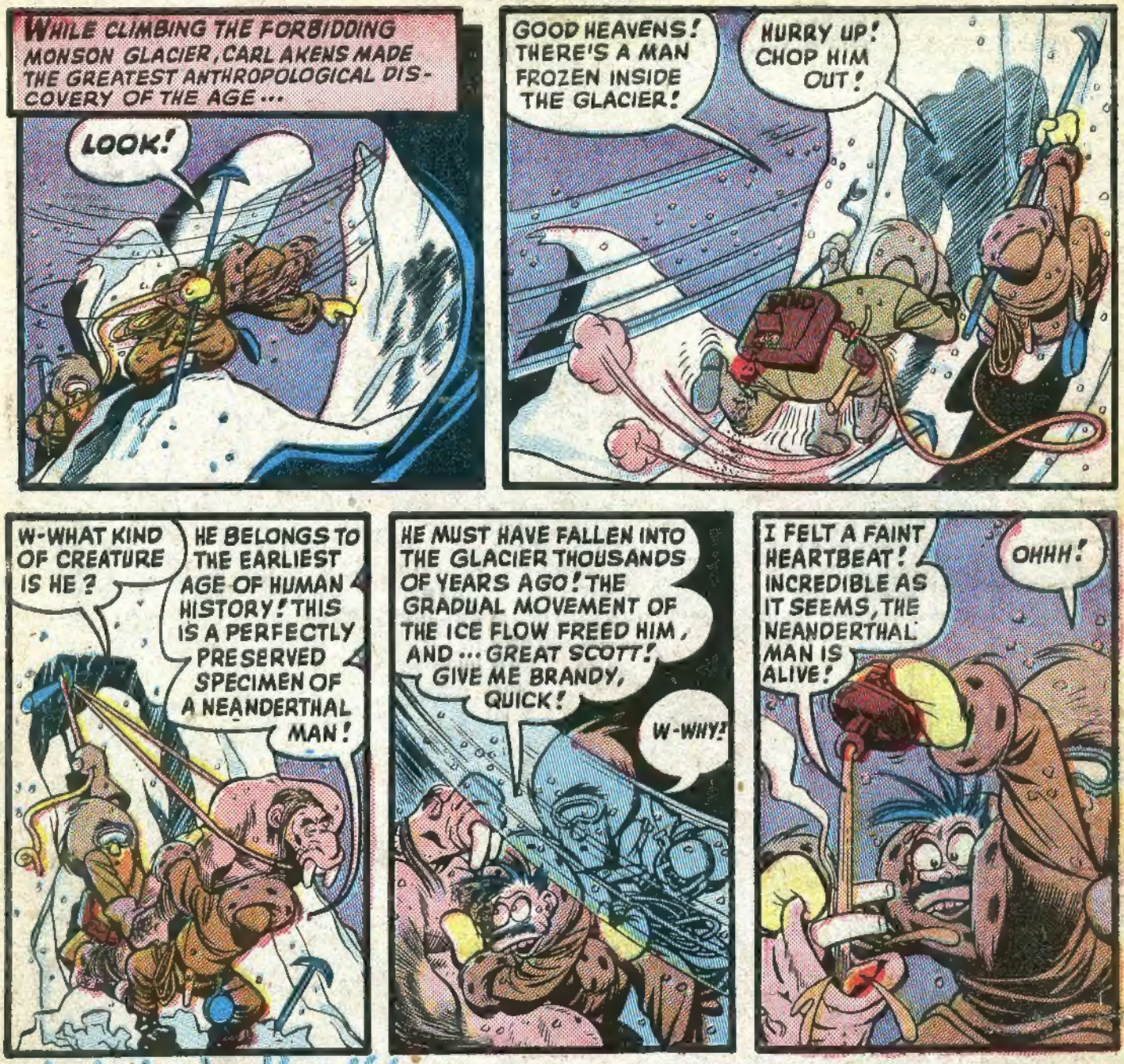
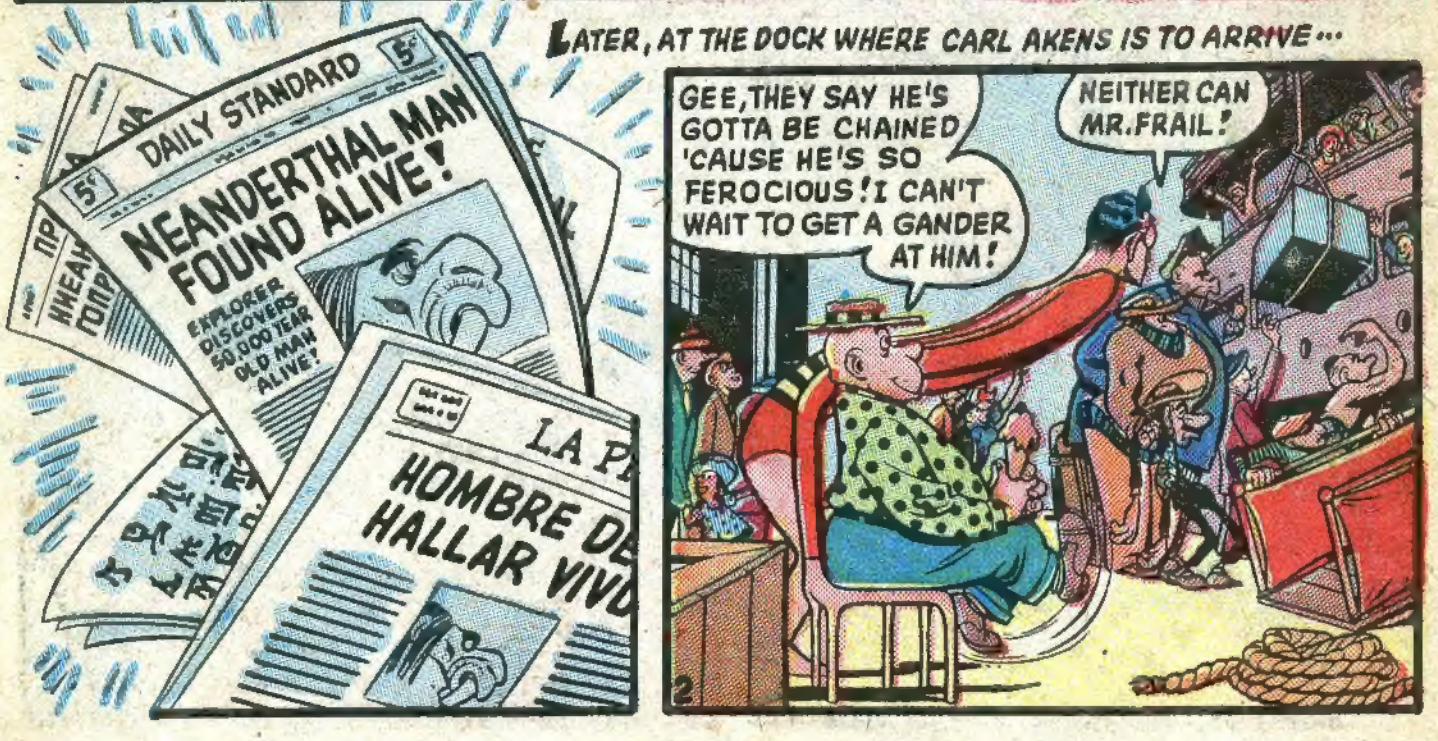
PLASTIC MAN, September, 1949, No. 19. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Harry Stein, Editor. Entered as 2nd class matter Nov. 21, 1945 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright 1949 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

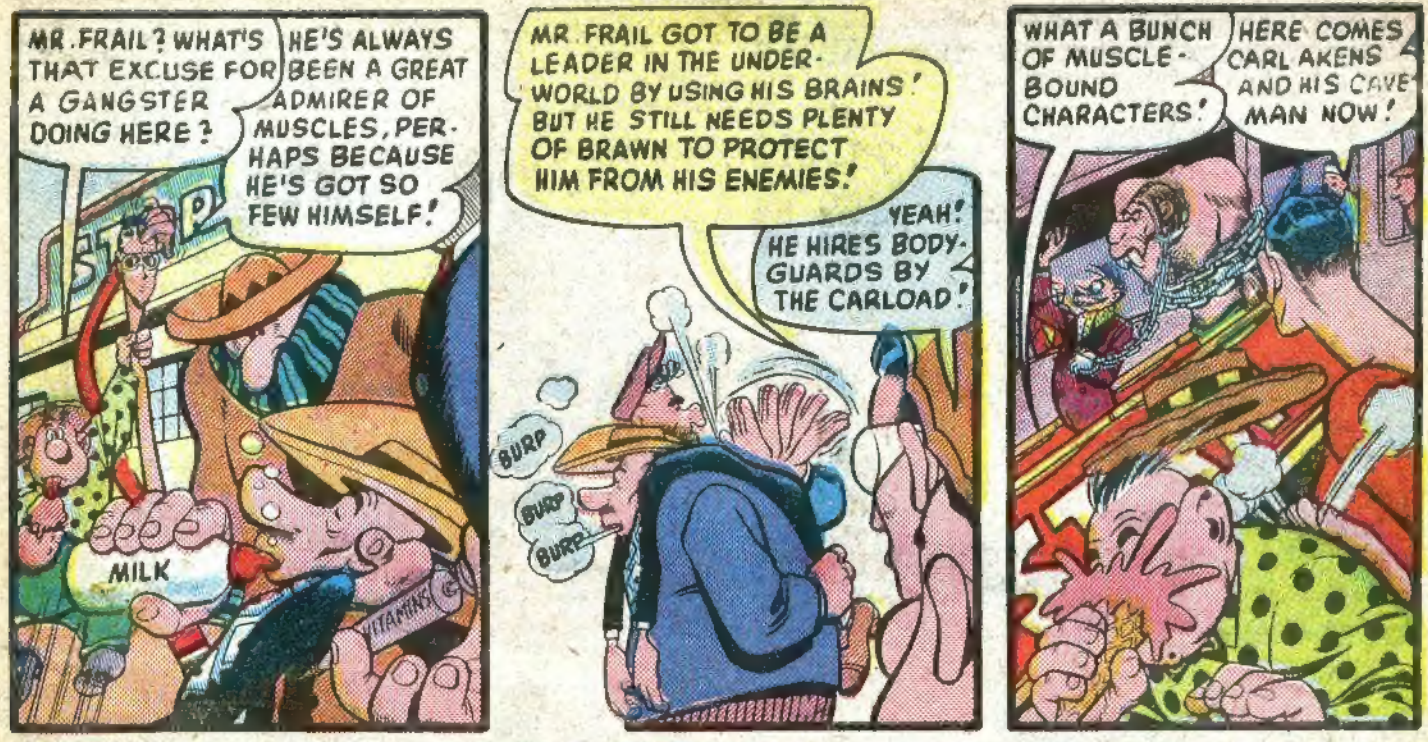
IN A LIMESTONE CAVE IN THE NEANDERTHAL VALLEY, GERMANY, IN THE YEAR 1857, THE FIRST SKULL OF THE ANCIENT CAVE DWELLER KNOWN AS THE NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS DISCOVERED! BUT THE VERY BEST SPECIMEN OF ITS KIND WAS DISCOVERED IN 1949 ... AND THIS NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE! IS EVEN **PLASTIC MAN** A MATCH FOR THIS MONSTROUS SURVIVAL FROM THE DIM DAWN OF HISTORY? WE CAN'T TELL YOU THE ANSWER, BUT ... **YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!**

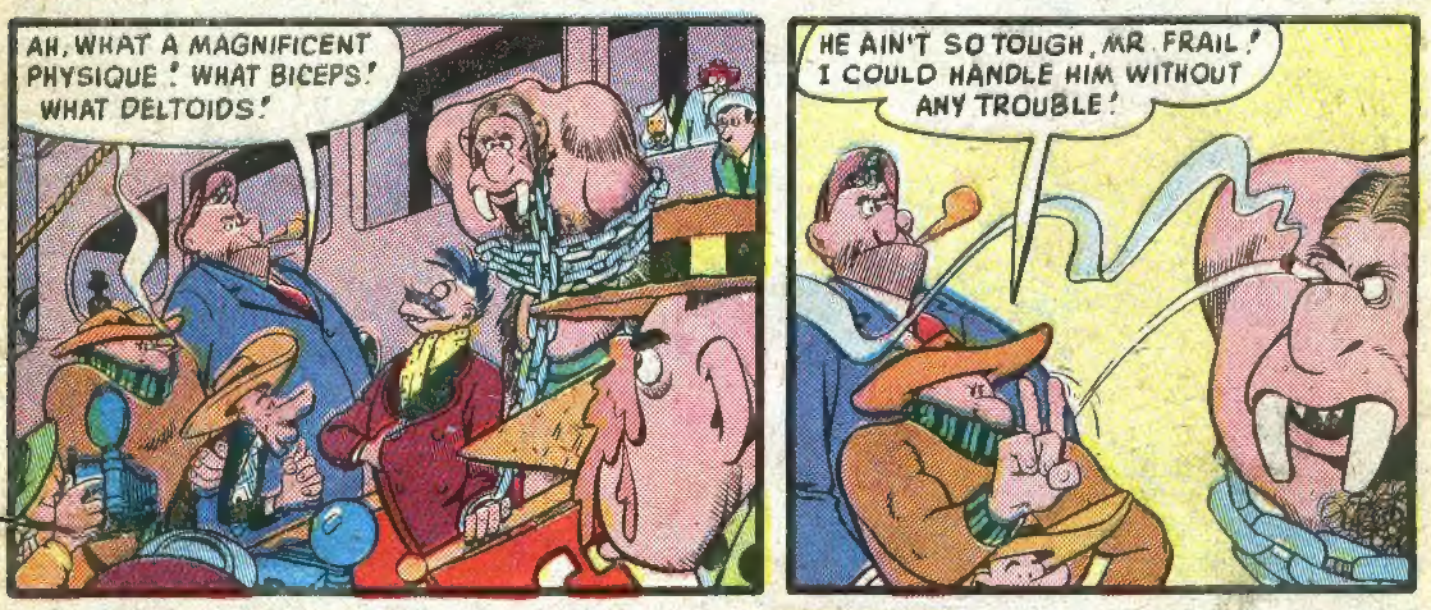
AUG 13 1949

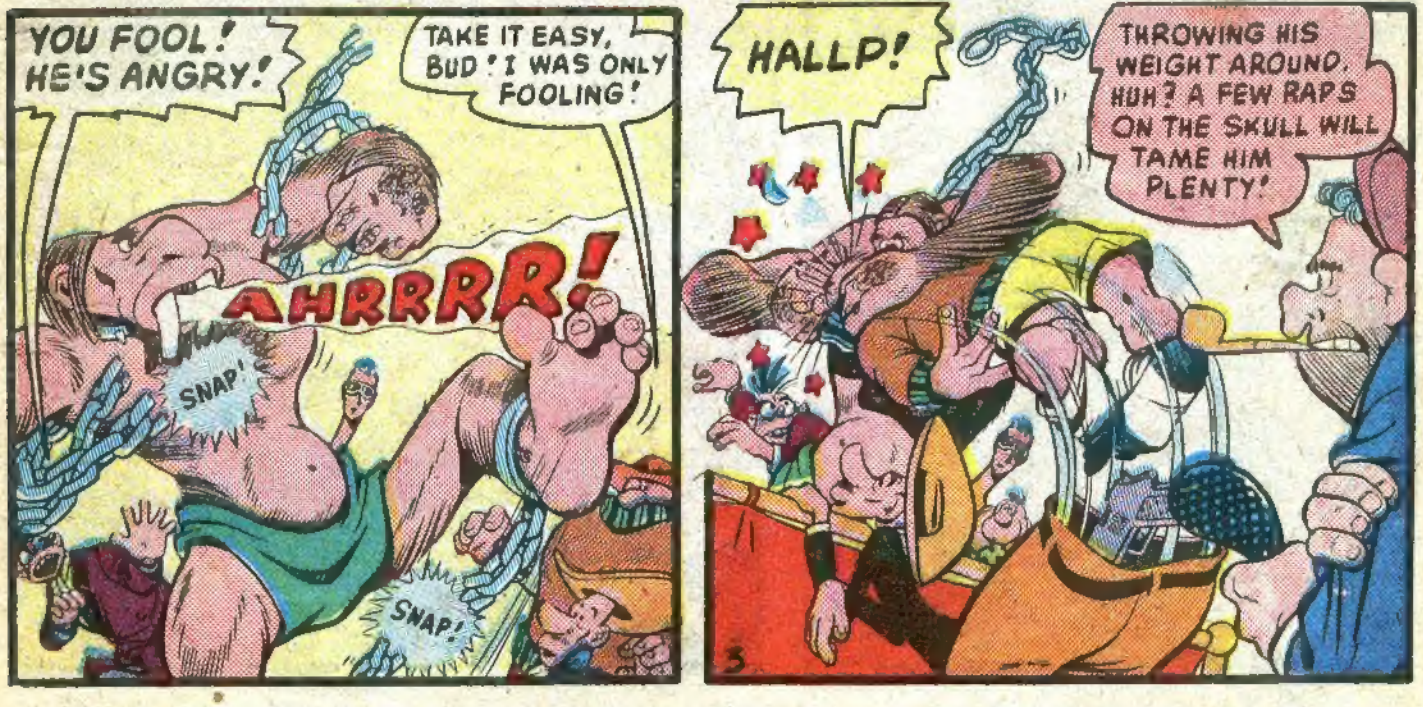

WHILE CLIMBING THE FORBIDDING MONSON GLACIER, CARL AKENS MADE THE GREATEST ANTHROPOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE ...
LOOK!
GOOD HEAVENS! THERE'S A MAN FROZEN INSIDE THE GLACIER!
HURRY UP! CHOP HIM OUT!
W-WHAT KIND OF CREATURE IS HE?
HE BELONGS TO THE EARLIEST AGE OF HUMAN HISTORY! THIS IS A PERFECTLY PRESERVED SPECIMEN OF A NEANDERTHAL MAN!
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE GLACIER THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! THE GRADUAL MOVEMENT OF THE ICE FLOW FREED HIM, AND ... GREAT SCOTT! GIVE ME BRANDY, QUICK!
W-WHY!
I FELT A FAINT HEARTBEAT! INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, THE NEANDERTHAL MAN IS ALIVE!
OHHH!

LATER, AT THE DOCK WHERE CARL AKENS IS TO ARRIVE ...

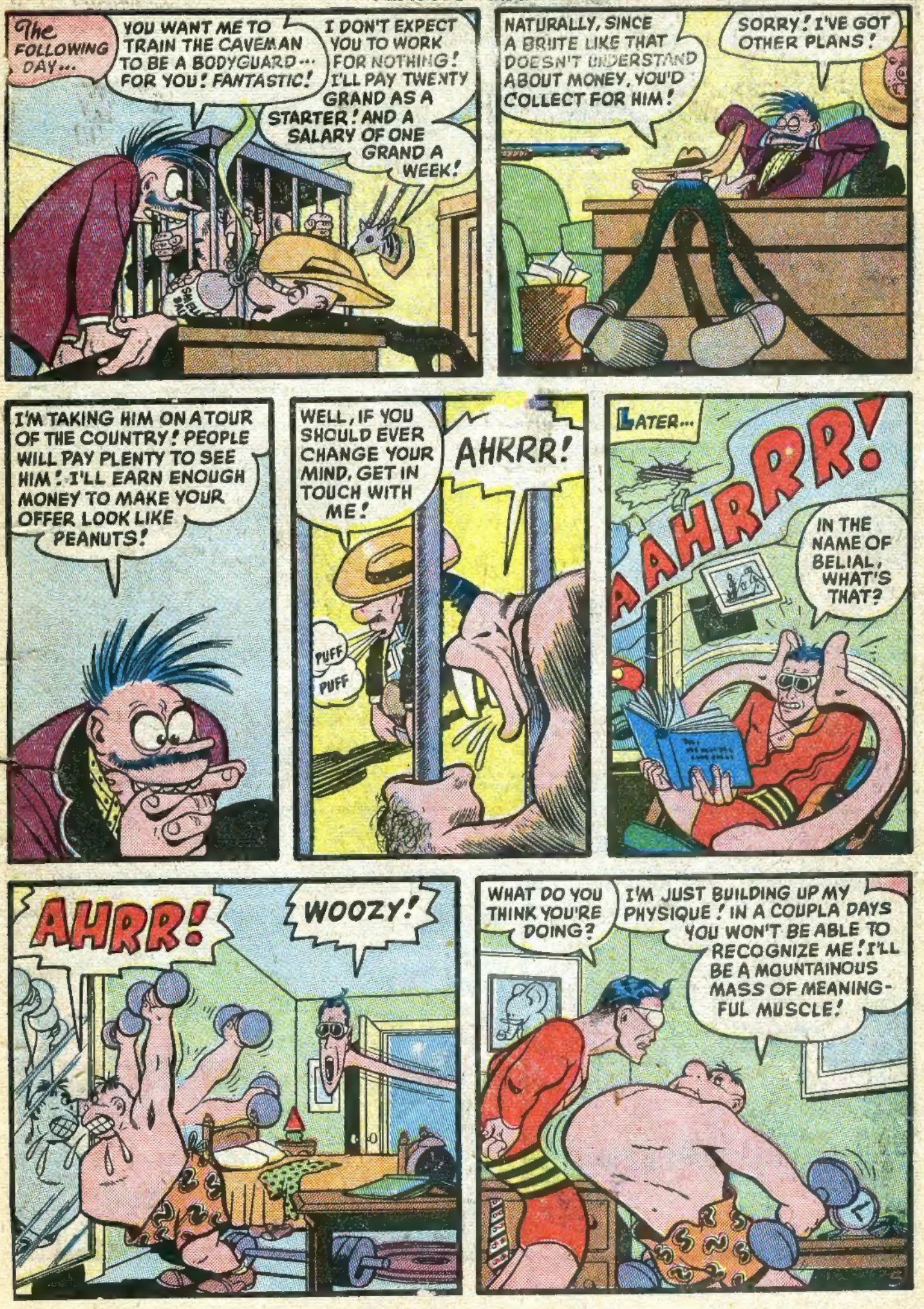

DAILY STANDARD
5¢
NEANDERTHAL MAN FOUND ALIVE!
EXPLORER DISCOVERS 50,000 YEAR OLD MAN ALIVE!
HOMBRE DE
HALLAR VIVO
GEE, THEY SAY HE'S GOTTA BE CHAINED 'CAUSE HE'S SO FEROCIOUS! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A GANDER AT HIM!
NEITHER CAN MR. FRAIL!


MR. FRAIL? WHAT'S THAT EXCUSE FOR A GANGSTER DOING HERE?
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A GREAT ADMIRER OF MUSCLES, PERHAPS BECAUSE HE'S GOT SO FEW HIMSELF!
MILK
VITAMINS
MR. FRAIL GOT TO BE A LEADER IN THE UNDERWORLD BY USING HIS BRAINS! BUT HE STILL NEEDS PLENTY OF BRAWN TO PROTECT HIM FROM HIS ENEMIES!
YEAH! HE HIRES BODYGUARDS BY THE CARLOAD!
BURP
BURP
BURP
WHAT A BUNCH OF MUSCLE-BOUND CHARACTERS!
HERE COMES CARL AKENS AND HIS CAVE MAN NOW!


AH, WHAT A MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE! WHAT BICEPS! WHAT DELTOIDS!
HE AIN'T SO TOUGH, MR. FRAIL! I COULD HANDLE HIM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

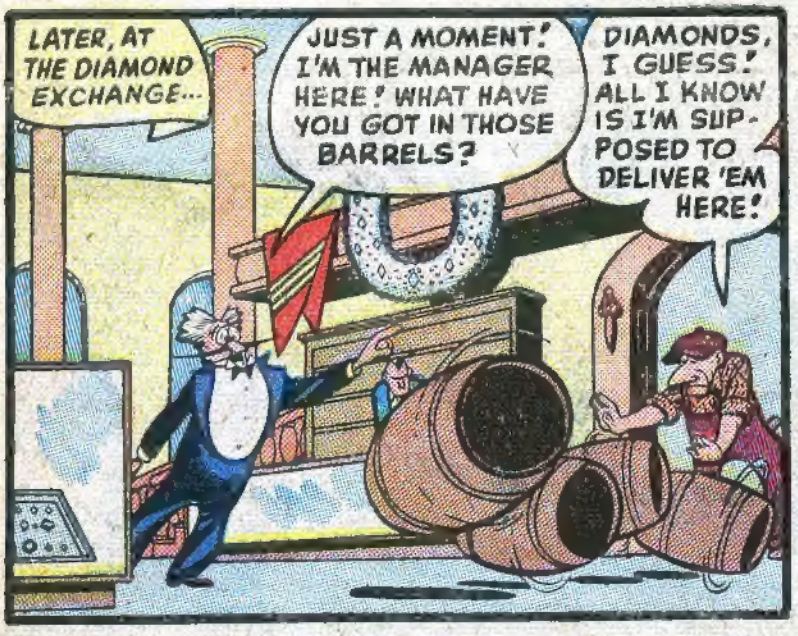

YOU FOOL! HE'S ANGRY!
TAKE IT EASY, BUD! I WAS ONLY FOOLING!
AHRRRR!
SNAP!
SNAP!
HALLP!
THROWING HIS WEIGHT AROUND, HUH? A FEW RAPS ON THE SKULL WILL TAME HIM PLENTY!
5

TAKE THAT... AND THAT... AND THAT!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
HE DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT! GLURK!
AN AMAZING EXHIBITION!
WHAM!
SMELLING SALTS
FRAGILE!
THAT'S ENOUGH FUN FOR NOW!
HOW I COULD USE A BEAST LIKE THAT! PROPERLY TRAINED, HE'D BE AN INVALUABLE BODYGUARD!
AHRRR!
EVEN PLASTIC MAN IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIM! HE'S A HUMAN GORILLA!
BONG!
I CAN'T HOLD HIM FOREVER! CALL THE POLICE, WOOZY! TELL THEM TO BRING A STRAITJACKET! MAKE IT TWO STRAIT-JACKETS!
OKAY, PLAS!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
And FINALLY...
THERE HE GOES! HE CERTAINLY PUT UP A BATTLE!
I'LL TALK TO CARL AKENS TOMORROW! I'VE HEARD HE'S ALMOST BROKE AND WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO BUSINESS!
PATROL


The FOLLOWING DAY...
YOU WANT ME TO TRAIN THE CAVEMAN TO BE A BODYGUARD... FOR YOU! FANTASTIC!
I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO WORK FOR NOTHING! I'LL PAY TWENTY GRAND AS A STARTER! AND A SALARY OF ONE GRAND A WEEK!
NATURALLY, SINCE A BRUTE LIKE THAT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT MONEY, YOU'D COLLECT FOR HIM!
SORRY! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!
I'M TAKING HIM ON A TOUR OF THE COUNTRY! PEOPLE WILL PAY PLENTY TO SEE HIM! I'LL EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO MAKE YOUR OFFER LOOK LIKE PEANUTS!
WELL, IF YOU SHOULD EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND, GET IN TOUCH WITH ME!
AHRRR!
PUFF
PUFF
LATER...
AAHRRRR!
IN THE NAME OF BELIAL, WHAT'S THAT?
AHRR!
WOOZY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I'M JUST BUILDING UP MY PHYSIQUE! IN A COUPLA DAYS YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME! I'LL BE A MOUNTAINOUS MASS OF MEANINGFUL MUSCLE!

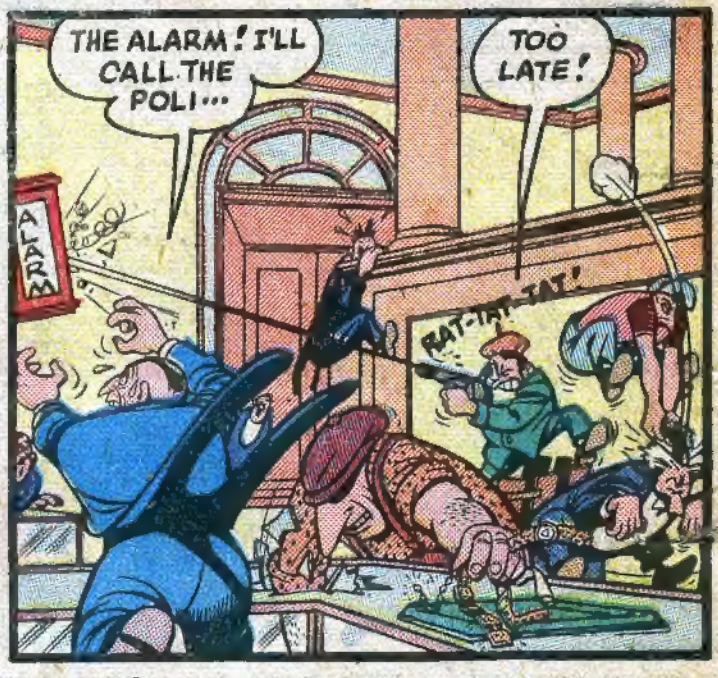
SEE? I'M TAKING THE COURSE BASED ON THIS BOOK BY CARL AKENS!
HMM! AKENS IS MAKING A LOT OF MONEY OUT OF THAT NEANDERTHAL MAN!
R-RING!
PLOP!
HOW TO BE A CAVE MAN IN SIX EASY LESSONS
HELLO!... OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL GO DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY!
WHAT'S UP, PLAS?
YOUR HERO HAS DISAPPEARED! CARL AKENS SAYS THE CAVE-MAN BROKE OUT OF HIS CAGE AND HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE! THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR HIM!
At POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
DON'T WORRY, MR. AKENS! WE'RE BOUND TO FIND HIM SOON! A BRUTE LIKE THAT IS SURE TO GIVE HIMSELF AWAY!
:SOB: I WISH I THOUGHT SO!
BUT LATELY I'VE NOTICED THAT THE NEANDERTHAL MAN HAS BEEN ACQUIRING INTELLIGENCE! HE'S LEARNED TO SPEAK! AND HE WORKED THE COMBINATION ON THE CAGE LOCK TO OPEN IT!
YOU MEAN?
I MEAN THAT HE'S PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF PASSING AS AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING! :GROAN: THAT'S WHY WE MAY NEVER FIND HIM!
AKENS IS ALL BROKEN UP ABOUT LOSING HIS MEAL TICKET! BUT I WONDER WHAT THE CAVEMAN WILL DO NEXT!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
LATER, IN MR. FRAIL'S LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE...
SIGH! I'VE HAD SUCH AN EXHAUSTING DAY!
PLASMA
SPRIN TONIC
VITAM PILLS
6

EEEK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW DID YOU GET IN?
ME CLIMB GOOD! WANT SEE YOU!
WW-WHAT ABOUT?
ME BECOME REAL MAN NOW! WEAR GOOD CLOTHES! NOW WANT MAKE PLENTY MONEY!
ME REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAY! LOTS OF MONEY WORK FOR YOU! BIG! STRONG!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
ONLY ONE THING CHANGE! ME NO WORK FOR YOU! YOU WORK FOR ME! MAKE LOTS MORE MONEY THAT WAY! UNDERSTAND?
GULP! YES! ONLY D-DON'T HURT ME!
CALL OTHERS NOW! THEY ALL WORK FOR ME! HAVE PLENTY GOOD IDEAS FOR MAKE MONEY!
THE OVERGROWN APE! HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! HE CAN'T TAKE OVER MY GANG SO EASILY!
LATER, MR. FRAIL MAKES A SECRET PHONE CALL...
LISTEN, COPPERS! THIS IS A FRIEND! THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROBBERY AT THE DIAMOND EXCHANGE THIS AFTERNOON!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE NEANDERTHAL MAN! IT MAY COST ME A FEW OF MY BOYS... BUT IT'S WORTH THE PRICE TO GET RID OF HIM!
PRESCRIPT
PHONE
7

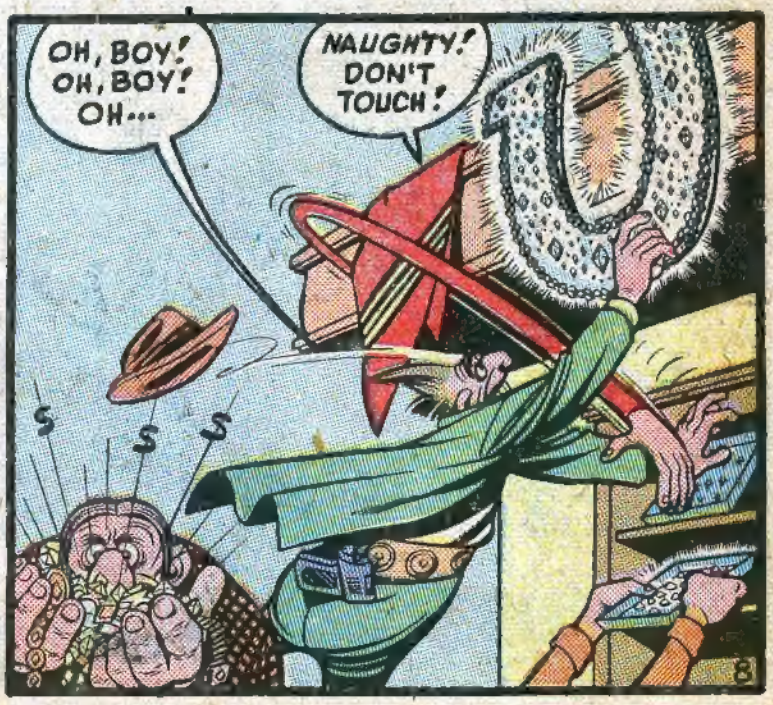

LATER, AT THE DIAMOND EXCHANGE...
JUST A MOMENT! I'M THE MANAGER HERE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THOSE BARRELS?
DIAMONDS, I GUESS! ALL I KNOW IS I'M SUPPOSED TO DELIVER 'EM HERE!

RIDICULOUS, MY GOOD MAN! THIS IS A DIAMOND EXCHANGE, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT DIAMONDS ARE NOT SHIPPED IN BARRELS!

YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, CHUMP! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY, HARRY!
RIGHT!

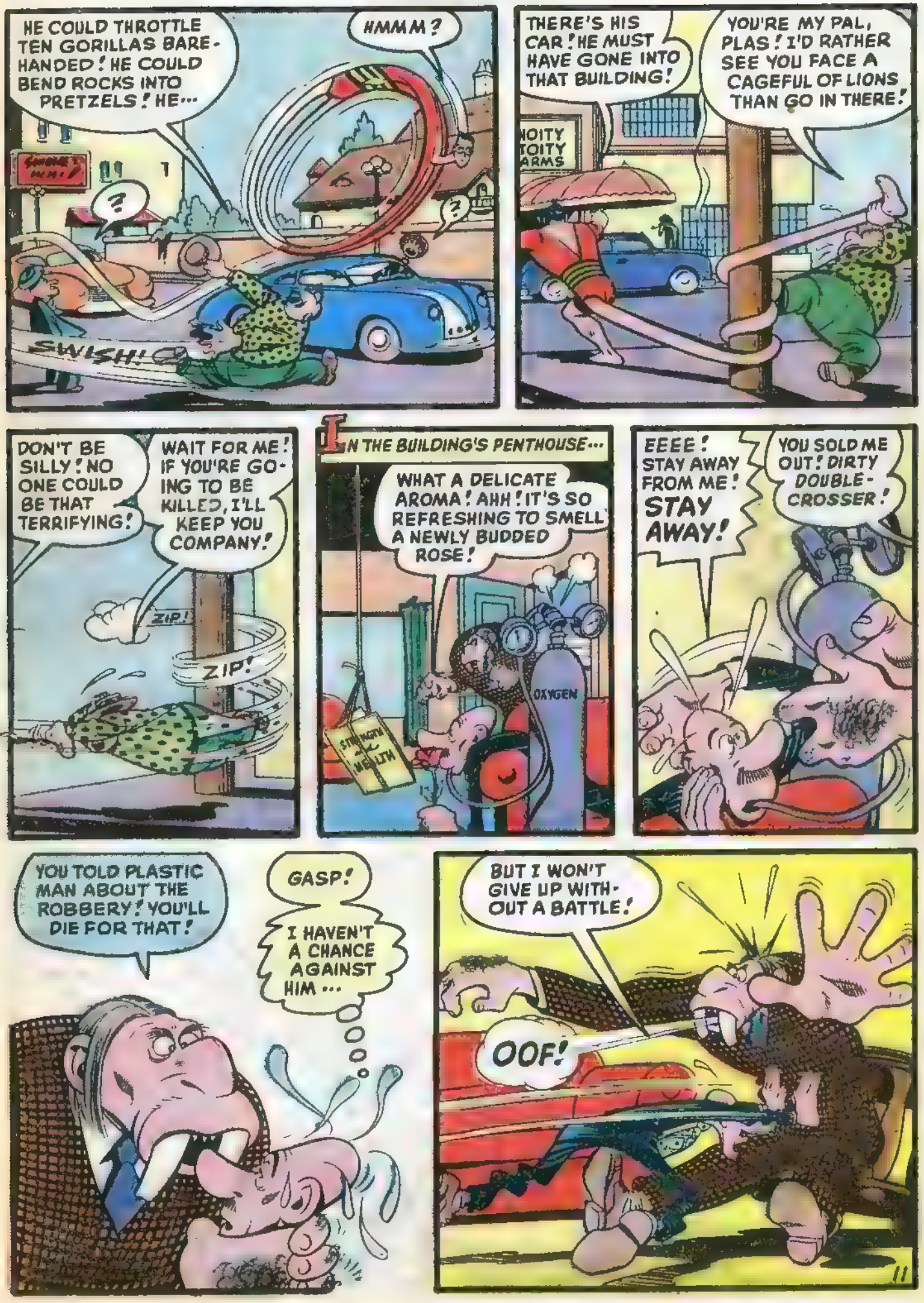

THE ALARM! I'LL CALL THE POLI...
TOO LATE!
ALARM
RAT-TAT-TAT!

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! HARRY'S TAKING CARE OF THE GUARDS! IT'S A SWEET SET-UP! YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB, MR. CAVEMAN!
WE TAKE DIAMONDS NOW!


OH, BOY! OH, BOY! OH...
NAUGHTY! DON'T TOUCH!

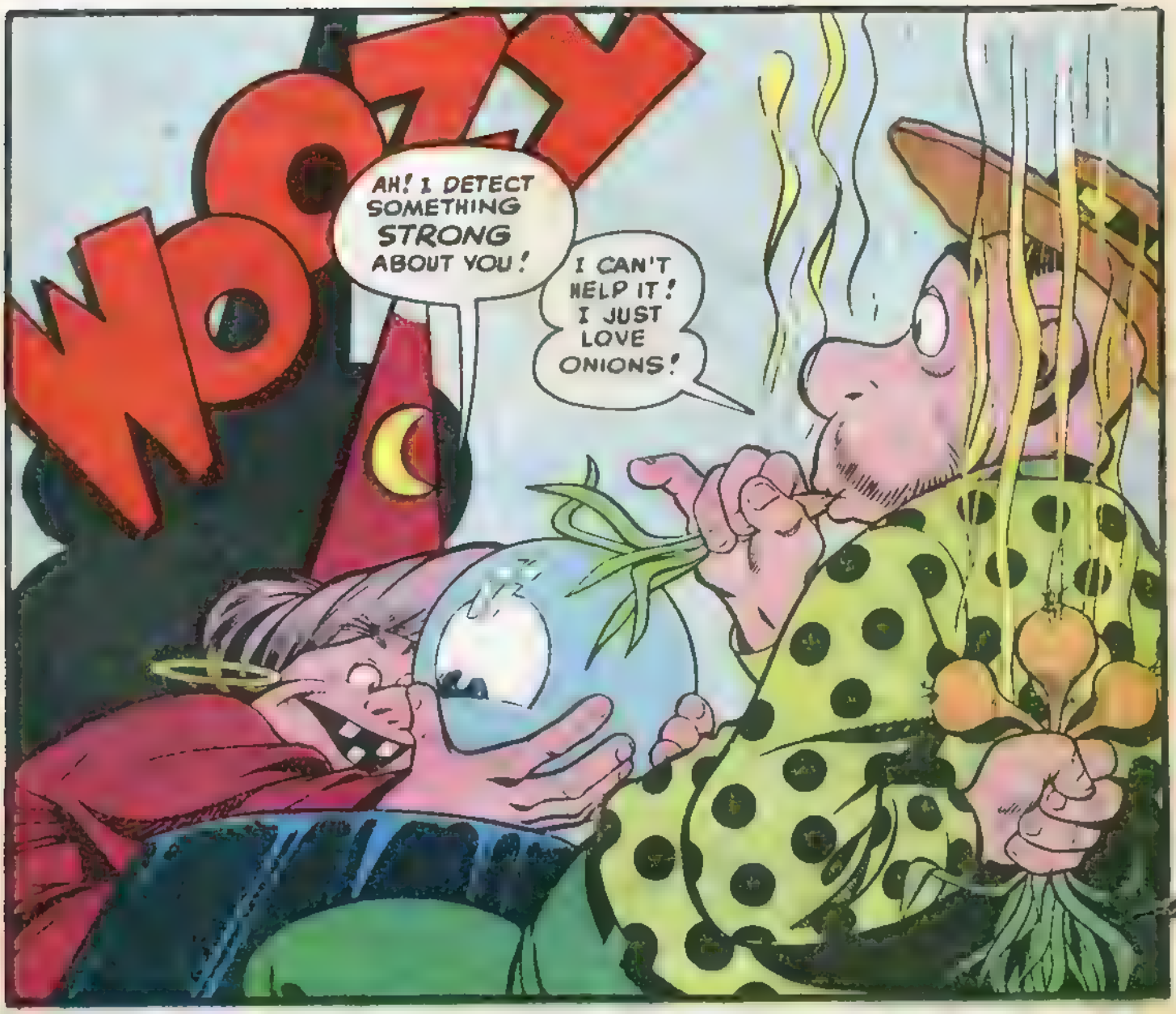
OR I'LL SPANK!
PLASTIC MAN! UHHHHHHHH!
YIIII!
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
MARKED DOWN FOR CLEARANCE
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT OUR COLLECTION!
CRASH!
SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!
BULLETS CAN'T HURT PLASTIC MAN! THEY'RE DOOMED! BUT I'LL ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
FIRE EXIT
IS IT ALL OVER YET, PLAS? CAN I COME IN?
HERE'S MY CHANCE!
THUD!
9

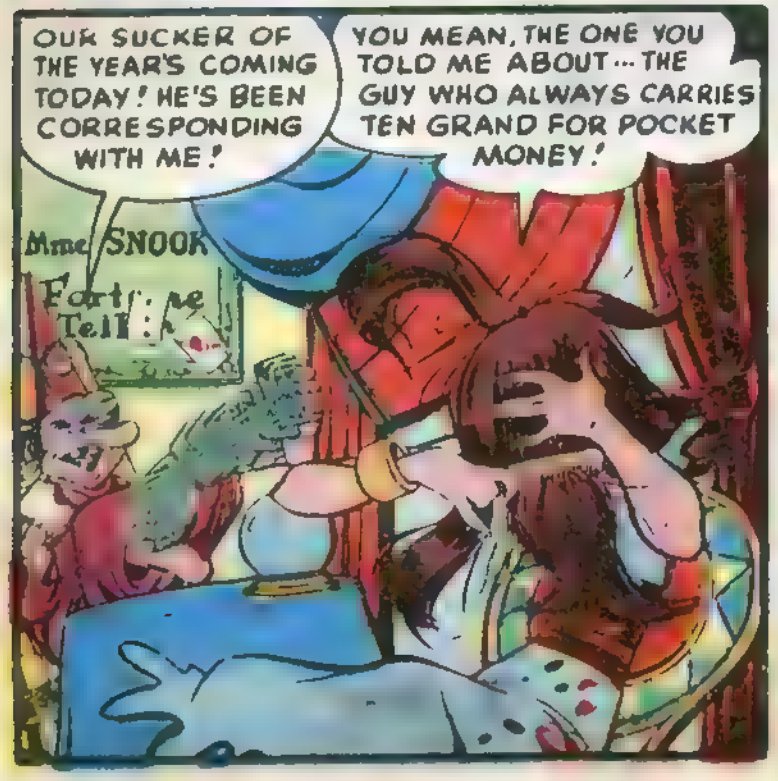
DON'T COME NEAR ME! OR HE DIES!
ULP! MAYBE HE ISN'T KIDDING, PLAS!
I GO NOW! YOU FOLLOW AND I BREAK NECK OF HIM!
I CAN'T RISK WOOZY'S LIFE!
NO MORE USE FOR YOU!
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RUDE ABOUT IT!
SO HE DRIVES A CAR TOO! THE NEANDERTHAL MAN CERTAINLY LEARNED A LOT IN RECORD TIME!
DIAMOND
SPUTT!
BANG!
SPLAT!
MISSED HIM!
YOU ALL RIGHT, WOOZY?
HE HAD A GRIP LIKE STEEL! I'D NEVER HAVE SURVIVED IF I HADN'T TAKEN THOSE MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSES!
HE'S A MONSTER, PLAS! A VERITABLE TITAN OF STRENGTH!
SO?
10

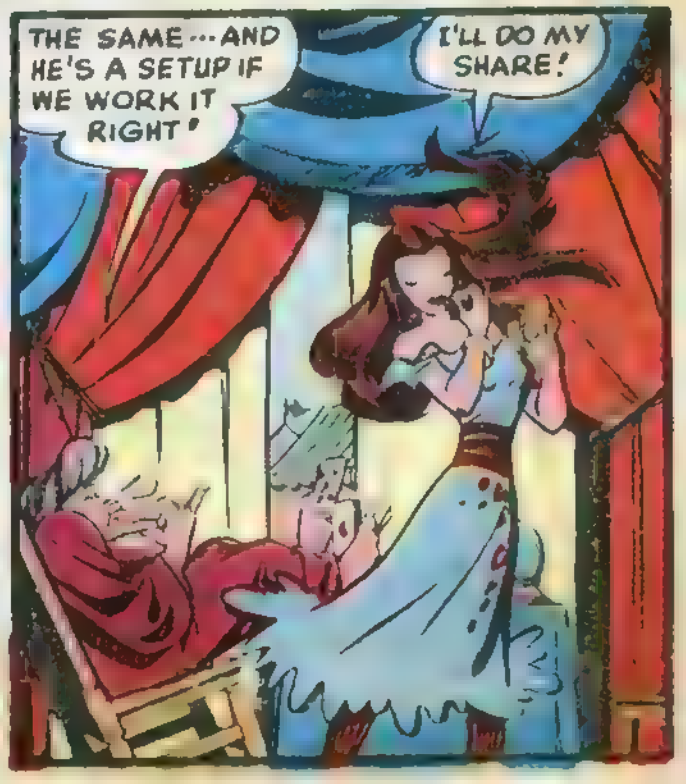

HE COULD THROTTLE TEN GORILLAS BARE-HANDED! HE COULD BEND ROCKS INTO PRETZELS! HE...
HMMM?
SWISH!
THERE'S HIS CAR! HE MUST HAVE GONE INTO THAT BUILDING!
YOU'RE MY PAL, PLAS! I'D RATHER SEE YOU FACE A CAGEFUL OF LIONS THAN GO IN THERE!
DON'T BE SILLY! NO ONE COULD BE THAT TERRIFYING!
WAIT FOR ME! IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE KILLED, I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY!
ZIP!
ZIP!
IN THE BUILDING'S PENTHOUSE...
WHAT A DELICATE AROMA! AHH! IT'S SO REFRESHING TO SMELL A NEWLY BUDDED ROSE!
OXYGEN
EEEE! STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAY AWAY!
YOU SOLD ME OUT! DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!
YOU TOLD PLASTIC MAN ABOUT THE ROBBERY! YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT!
GASP!
I HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST HIM...
BUT I WON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A BATTLE!
OOF!

I-I MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM OFF BALANCE! HE'S NOT AS STRONG AS I THOUGHT!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
HE MUSTN'T CATCH ME AGAIN! HELP! HELP!
I'LL TEAR YOU APART!
VITA-MINS
YAAA!
THAT SCREAM! IT CAME FROM THE PENT-HOUSE!
I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!
AND WHAT I'M INTERRUPTING LOOKS LIKE MURDER!
EEYAA!
GOT YOU!
THAT CURSED PLASTIC MAN! I'VE GOT TO LOSE HIM!
PUFF!
PUFF!
PLAS IS PROBABLY BEING TORN TO PIECES! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

THUNK!
WHAT HIT ME?
YOU AND THE NEANDERTHAL MAN TRIED TO GO THROUGH THE SAME DOOR IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS! I'M AFRAID HE GOT THE WORST OF IT!
Y'MEAN I DID THAT...TO HIM!
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
THAT MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE MUST'VE DONE WONDERS FOR ME!
DON'T GET TOO IMPRESSED WITH YOURSELF UNTIL WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT YOUR OPPONENT!
IRON LUNG
A BULKY SUIT PADDING... INFLATED RUBBER TUBING... AND A FACE MASK! I GUESS THAT COMPLETES THE DISGUISE!
DISGUISE?
OUR CAVE MAN IS NONE OTHER THAN CARL AKENS!
I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING! THE NEANDERTHAL MAN DIED SHORTLY AFTER I BROUGHT HIM HERE! I HAD A FORTUNE IN MY GRASP... AND COULDN'T BEAR TO LET IT SLIP AWAY! SO I HIT ON THE IDEA OF USING THE CAVEMAN'S PROWESS TO HELP ME MAKE A FORTUNE... IN CRIME!
LATER...
I SEE THEY'RE PUTTING THE NEANDERTHAL MAN'S SKELETON ON DISPLAY IN A MUSEUM! PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL THE POOR FELLOW NEVER LIVED TO SEE MUCH OF OUR WORLD! HIS PRIMITIVE BRAIN NEVER WOULD HAVE ADJUSTED TO IT!
BAH!
HOW TO BE POWERFUL THROUGH THINKING
POP
NDY


WOOZY
AH! I DETECT SOMETHING STRONG ABOUT YOU!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I JUST LOVE ONIONS!


OUR SUCKER OF THE YEAR'S COMING TODAY! HE'S BEEN CORRESPONDING WITH ME!
YOU MEAN, THE ONE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT... THE GUY WHO ALWAYS CARRIES TEN GRAND FOR POCKET MONEY!
Mme SNOOK
Fortune Tell


THE SAME... AND HE'S A SETUP IF WE WORK IT RIGHT!
I'LL DO MY SHARE!

MOMENTS LATER...
THAT MUST BE OUR MAN! THE DESCRIPTION I GOT SAID HE WAS FAT, FORTY AND MORONIC LOOKING! THAT'S W.W. SMODD, ALL RIGHT!
I'LL DUCK OUT THE BACK! GOOD LUCK!
WHY, W.W.! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
HUH?
DO SIT DOWN! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS! I'M SURE YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING FORTUNE!
GONNA TELL MY FORTUNE, EH? OH, WELL... IT CAN'T HURT ANY!
AH, I SEE A TALL, DARK AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE!
Y'DO? WELL... WELL!
THIS WOMAN HAS STRANGE PSYCHIC DREAMS! YOU ARE PART OF THEM! YOUR DESTINY IS TIED UP WITH HERS! DO WHATEVER SHE SAYS AND FORTUNE WILL SMILE ON YOU!
HOW ABOUT THE BABE? WILL SHE SMILE, TOO?
YOU OWE ME NOTHING FOR THIS READING! IT IS A PRIVILEGE TO FORETELL THE FUTURE OF A MAN DESTINED FOR GREAT THINGS!
WELL... THANKS! I'M SURE GLAD I DON'T OWE YOU ANYTHING!

YOU! THE MAN OF MY DREAMS!
TALL···DARK··· AND BEAUTIFUL··· JUST WHAT THE FORTUNETELLER SAID!
ZIP!
I KNOW THIS IS UNCONVENTIONAL, BUT IT'S FATE! LET'S SIT DOWN!
ANYWHERE! ANY TIME!
IT IS NICE HERE, ISN'T IT?
IN MY LAST DREAM··· I MUST REMEMBER··· AH, YES··· YOU GAVE ME YOUR POCKET MONEY! IT MEANT NOTHING TO YOU, BUT WITH IT I MADE MILLIONS ···FOR BOTH OF US!
YOU MUST DO THE SAME THING NOW! WE MUST NOT DEFY OUR DESTINY!
OF COURSE NOT! HERE IT IS!
YOU MUST LEAVE ME ALONE FOR AWHILE NOW! I MUST CONCENTRATE TO REMEMBER THE NEXT PART OF THE DREAM!
I'LL TAKE A STROLL FOR FIVE MINUTES!
WHAT A CINCH! I'LL TELL MY PARTNER WE CAN FOLD UP THE BOOTH AND LEAVE TOWN!
Five minutes later..
SHE'S GONE! SHE TRICKED ME ··· DUPED ME··· MADE A BIGGER DOPE OF ME THAN I AM··· I MEAN, TOOK ME OVER!

I'M GONNA TELL THAT FORTUNETELLER SHE OUGHT TO FIND ME A BETTER CLASS OF GALS IN THAT CRYSTAL BALL!
WIN A KEWPIE DOLL
Meanwhile...
I'M HERE TO HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD! I'VE GOT MONEY TROUBLES!
A PAUPER WITH HALLUCINATIONS! I'LL GET RID OF HIM!
GIVE YOUR MONEY AWAY TO THE FIRST PERSON YOU SEE AND IT WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE!
UNUSUAL ADVICE, BUT I'LL TRY IT!
SOMEBODY'LL GET ABOUT THREE CENTS!
MOSNOOK Fortune Teller
PSST! IT WAS EASY! I'VE GOT IT!
QUICK! LET'S COUNT IT!
ONE BUCK!
I'VE BEEN SWINDLED!
4

YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON I'VE SEEN!
THAT'S HIM AGAIN! I OUGHT TO...
DON'T! HE'LL CALL A COP! GRAWK! WHAT'S THAT TRAMP DOING WITH THE WAD?
IT'S YOURS! TAKE IT! I'VE HAD NOTHING BUT TROUBLE FROM TOO MUCH MONEY!
REALLY? IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL TO ME!
THAT GUY...I...I THOUGHT HE WAS A PAUPER! FOR A GAG I TOLD HIM TO GIVE HIS MONEY AWAY! HE MUST BE W.W. SMODD!
AND THE SAP I WASTED MY TIME ON WAS THE PAUPER!
I'LL THINK OF AN ANGLE! I'LL GET THAT MONEY FROM HIM SOME-HOW! HEY, WAIT!
OH! IT'S YOU!
I CAN EXPLAIN! WAIT! YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET THAT BLONDE ANYWAY! BRUNETTES ARE YOUR TYPE! REMEMBER? IT'S DESTINY!
OH, BRUNETTES ARE ALL RIGHT WHEN I'M BROKE, BUT NOW THAT I'VE REACHED A HIGHER ESTATE, I, ER...AHEM... PREFER BLONDES!
DRAT... DRAT... AND DRAT!

Dewey DRIP
SIX STRAIGHT HOURS AND NARY A BITE!
RECKON AH MOUGHT AS WELL GIVE UP AFTAH THIS ONE LAST TRY!
Two hours later...
NUP, THAR AIN'T NO MOAH FISH IN THIS POND THAN THAR IS PINK-WHISKERED HOOTY OWLS IN MAH HIND HIP POCKET!
RECKON AH'LL CALL IT A DAY AND TAKE A GOOD LONG NAP! AH'M POW'FUL TIRED FUM ALL THIS LABUH!
ZZZZZ
Dewey's Dream
HEY. WHO YOU BE?
WHY, DEWEY— AIN'T YO' EVUH HEARD OF A HILL-BILLY MERMAID?
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTING WHEN SHE COMES!
AN' DEWEY, AH DO THINK YO' IS THE KEE-UTEST BOY IN ALL THESE HILLS!
AN' TO THINK AH WAS A-WASTIN' ALL THIS TIME TRYIN' TO GET JEST FISH OUTTA THET THAR PUDDLE!
MAH NEXT TURN T' KISS HIM, PLEASE!
Later...
NARY A BITE, EH? AH TOLD YO' NUFFIN' EVER COME OUTTA THET POND!
THET'S WHAT YO' THINK, BATHLESS JONES! HUBBA, HUBBA, HUBBA!
HMMM! DRIP DONE BLEW HIS TOP FO' KEEPS THIS-A TIME!

Harp of JUSTICE

"NOTES," Nolan, master of crime and lover of music, sat in his luxurious penthouse with his golden harp leaning against his shoulder and his slender fingers sweeping over the strings. Sweet harmony rose from the instrument and an expression of dreamy rapture softened the harsh cruelty of Notes' face.

Suddenly the door burst open and Lugo, his chief lieutenant, ran in, panting. "Boss, we did it! We just got . . ." The words dissolved into a yell of terror. Without interrupting his solo, Notes Nolan's arm flashed out and a humming knife pinned Lugo's sleeve to the door.

Not until the last lingering note of the harp had died away did Notes Nolan face his ashen-faced gunman. "I've warned you, Lugo, never to interrupt when I'm playing my harp. Next time I won't be so gentle. Now what is it you're so excited about?"

"We caught Plastic Man's stooge," Lugo panted, prying his sleeve free. "He was snooping around our warehouse and we nailed him."

"Good," Notes said, a wicked glint in his eyes. "Bring him in. But first, Lugo, I want to compliment you. When I sent you out to buy new strings for my harp I expected you to bungle it as usual. But these new red harp strings with the yellow and black stripes are superb. Their tone is exquisite."

A moment later Woozy Winks was dragged in, squirming and protesting, his chubby figure pinned between two of Notes Nolan's biggest muscle men. "You can't do this to me," Woozy squealed, sweat rolling down his face. "Wait'll my pal, Plastic Man, finds out you put the snatch on his most valuable adviser. He'll—"

Notes laughed coldly. "Plastic man won't know in time to save you, my fat frog. And if he did, he couldn't get in here. I own this building and every floor and elevator and stairway is staffed with my guards. I'm too clever for that elastic drip. He knows my crimes but he can't prove a one because he can never catch me breaking a single law."

"Wha-what are you going to do to me?" Woozy bleated fearfully.

Notes thumbed the blade of his slender knife. "Make you my messenger to Plastic Man, fatty. I'll carve a challenge on your useless carcass and send it to him in a coffin. He'll go crazy trying to prove I did it—"

"I wouldn't, if I were you," a voice said quietly.

Notes jerked his head around. "You keep out of this, Lugo. I know my business."

Lugo gaped. "I didn't say nuthin', boss."

One of the thugs holding Woozy pointed a shaking finger. "Th-the h-harp said it, boss. Honest it did."

"You're crazy," Notes yelled furiously. "Harps don't speak."

"This one does," the harp said, and with a soft ripple of melody the strings unwound themselves and swelled into a sinuous, terrifying figure of retribution.

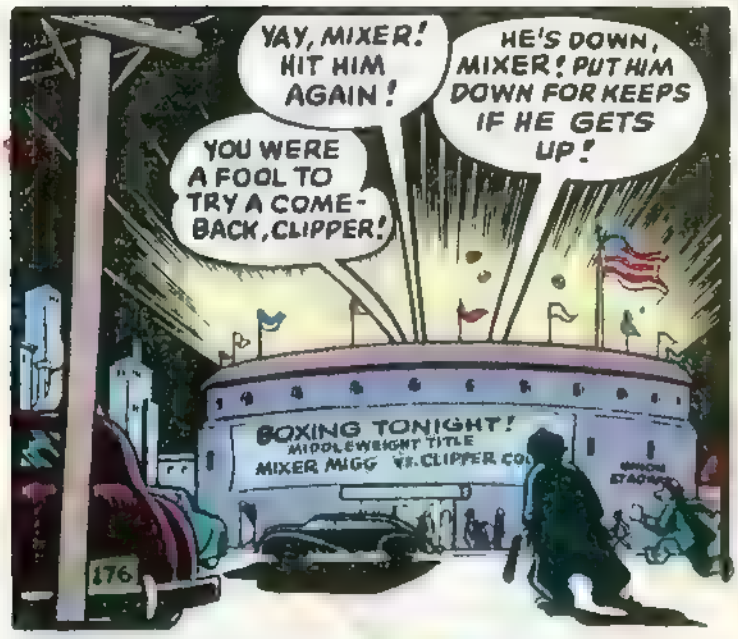
"Plas!" Woozy yelped joyfully, but his cry was lost in the howls of terror from the crooks.

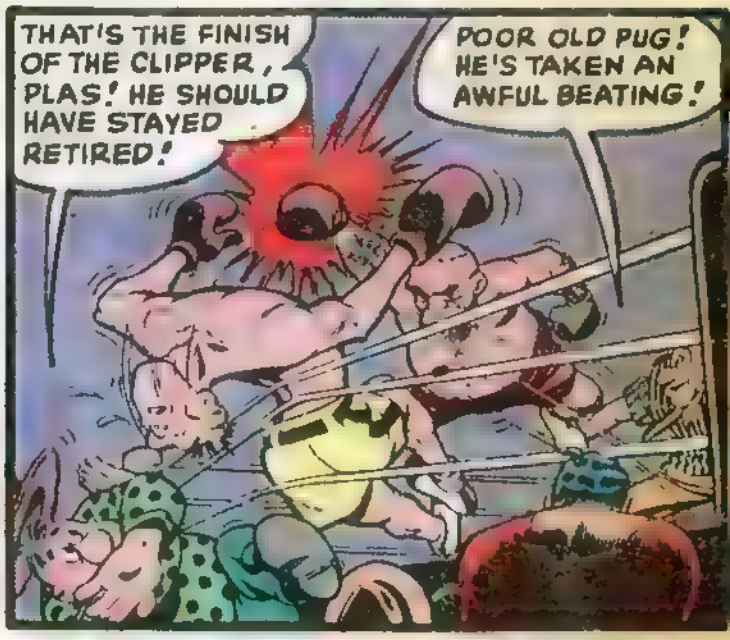
Notes was the first to break the paralysis of fright. With a swift move he hurled his knife. The needle-sharp point struck Plastic Man and rebounded to stick, quivering, in the wall. With moans of terror, the thugs stampeded toward the door.

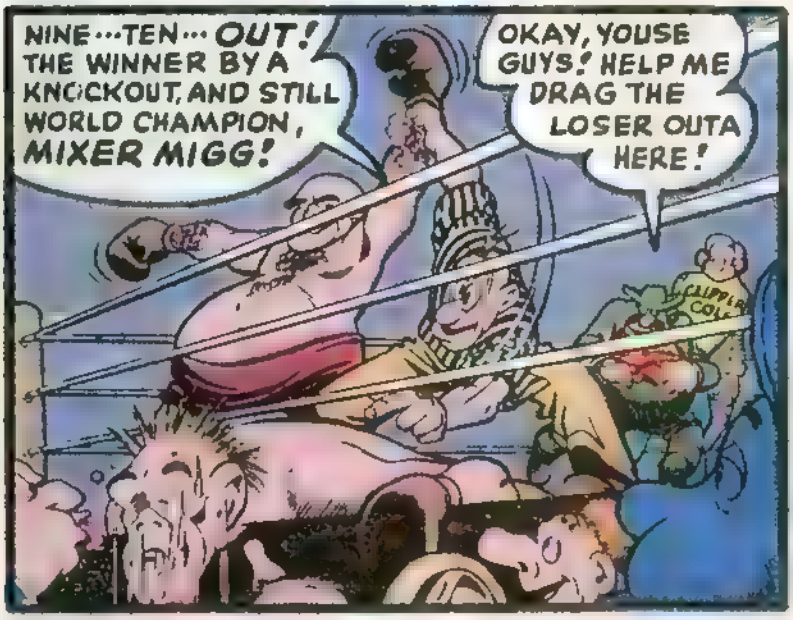
But a red arm blocked their flight and what seemed like twenty fists beat a tattoo on their jaws. When the three were subdued and encircled by Plastic Man's arm he turned to look at Notes Nolan. Notes was flat on the floor and Woozy, straddling the wailing man, was slapping right and left. "Carve my delicate skin, will you—*smack!* Send me in a coffin—*crack!* Plas is a dope, eh? *Thwock!*"

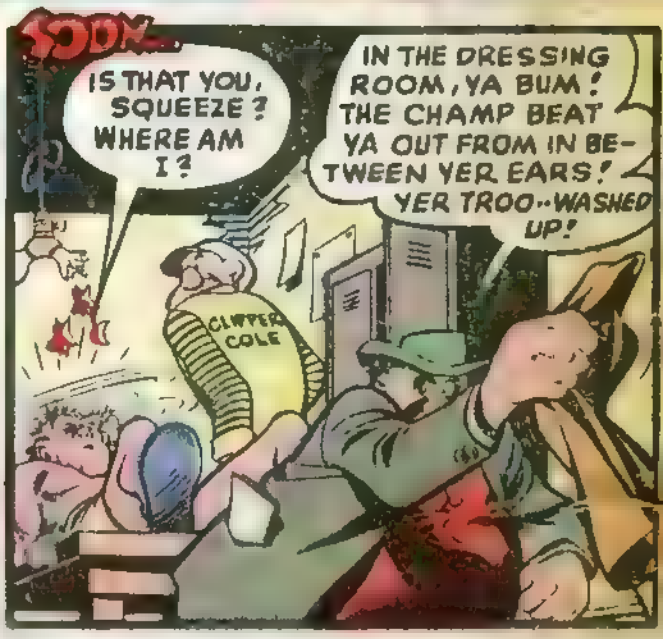
"That'll do, Woozy," Plastic Man chuckled. "The Law can take over from here. When Lugo took that harp out to be restrung, he gave me the chance I needed to get up here and catch Notes in the act of breaking the law. Come on, my most valuable adviser. Let's head for headquarters with our musical has-been and his three flat notes."

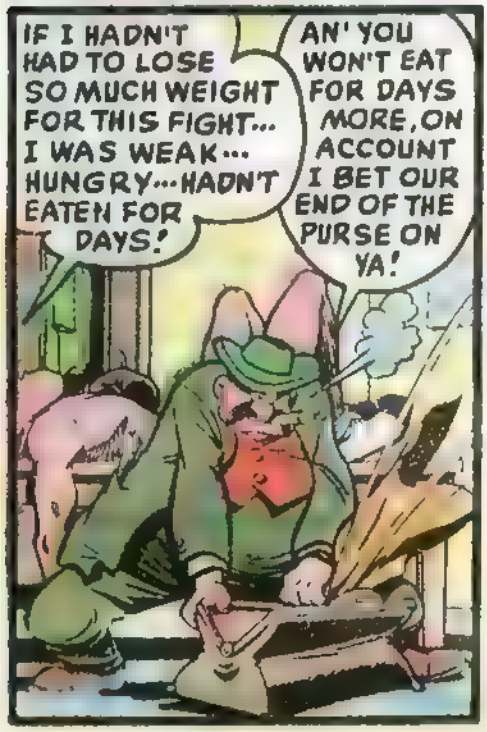
PLASTIC MAN
Boxing, the manly art of self-defense, can sometimes be BEASTLY! Murder and theft ...involving fistic champions ...these were problems that perplexed Plastic Man... but not for long!

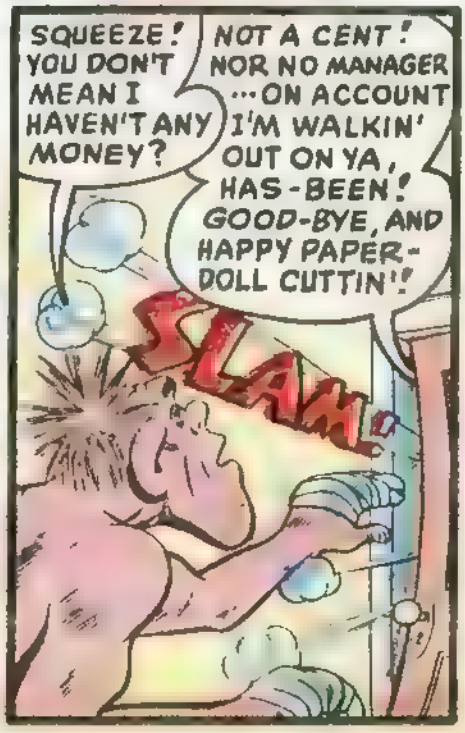

YAY, MIXER! HIT HIM AGAIN!
HE'S DOWN, MIXER! PUT HIM DOWN FOR KEEPS IF HE GETS UP!
YOU WERE A FOOL TO TRY A COME-BACK, CLIPPER!
BOXING TONIGHT!
MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE
MIXER MIGG VS. CLIPPER COLE
176

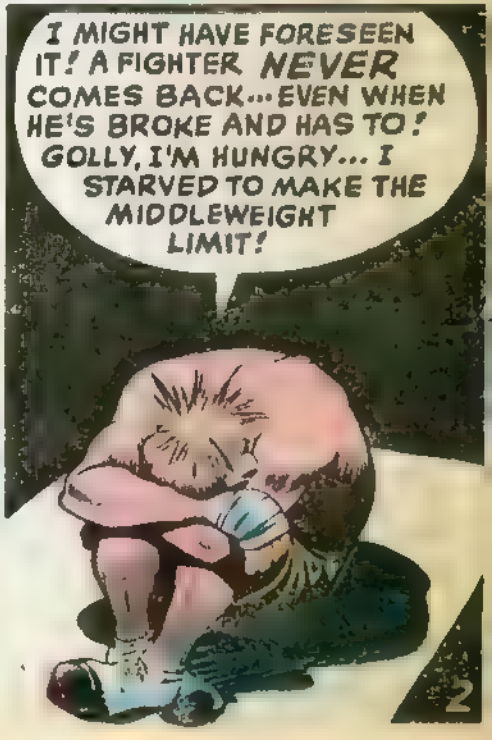

THAT'S THE FINISH OF THE CLIPPER, PLAS! HE SHOULD HAVE STAYED RETIRED!
POOR OLD PUG! HE'S TAKEN AN AWFUL BEATING!


NINE···TEN··· OUT! THE WINNER BY A KNOCKOUT, AND STILL WORLD CHAMPION, MIXER MIGG!
OKAY, YOUSE GUYS! HELP ME DRAG THE LOSER OUTA HERE!

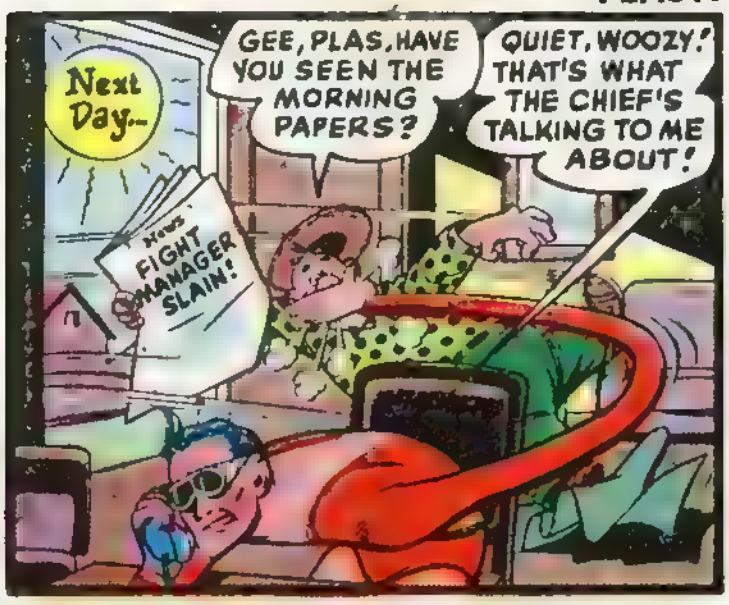

SOON...
IS THAT YOU, SQUEEZE? WHERE AM I?
IN THE DRESSING ROOM, YA BUM! THE CHAMP BEAT YA OUT FROM IN BE-TWEEN YER EARS! YER TROO··WASHED UP!
CLIPPER COLE

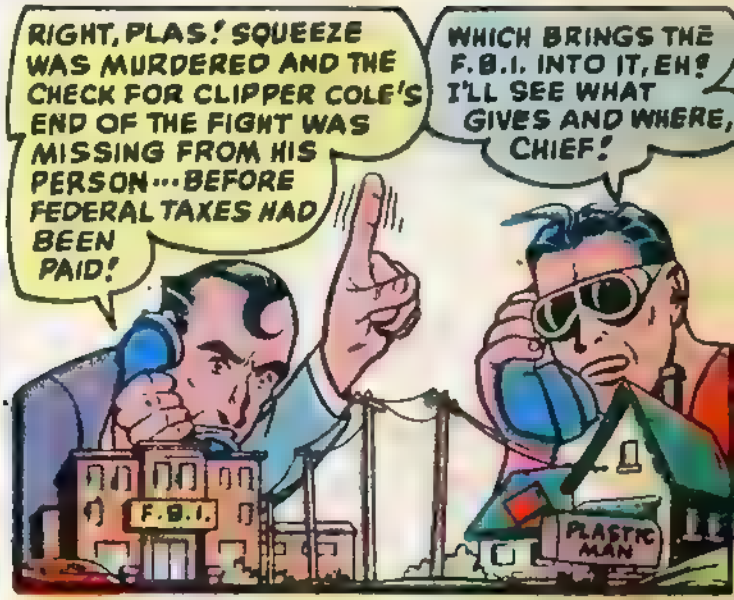

IF I HADN'T HAD TO LOSE SO MUCH WEIGHT FOR THIS FIGHT··· I WAS WEAK··· HUNGRY···HADN'T EATEN FOR DAYS!
AN' YOU WON'T EAT FOR DAYS MORE, ON ACCOUNT I BET OUR END OF THE PURSE ON YA!

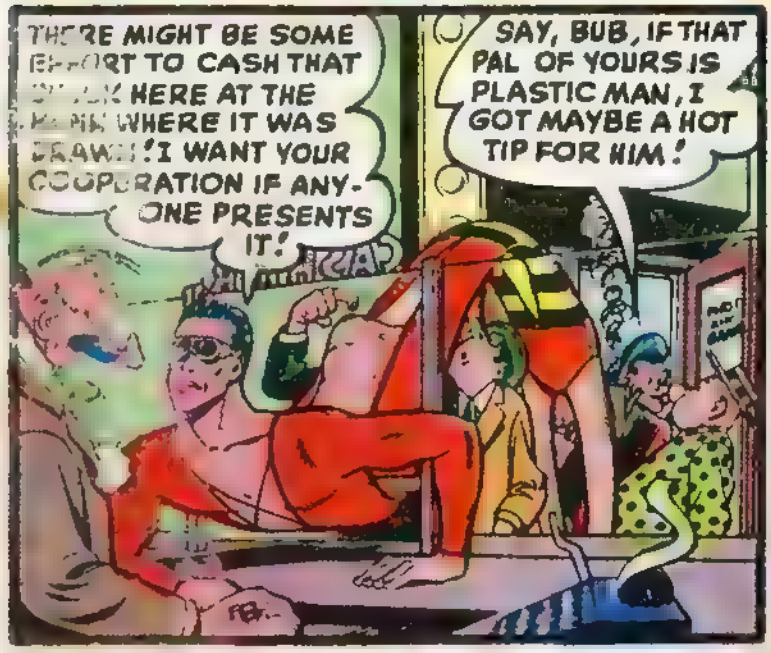

SQUEEZE! YOU DON'T MEAN I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY?
NOT A CENT! NOR NO MANAGER ···ON ACCOUNT I'M WALKIN' OUT ON YA, HAS-BEEN! GOOD-BYE, AND HAPPY PAPER-DOLL CUTTIN'!
SLAM!

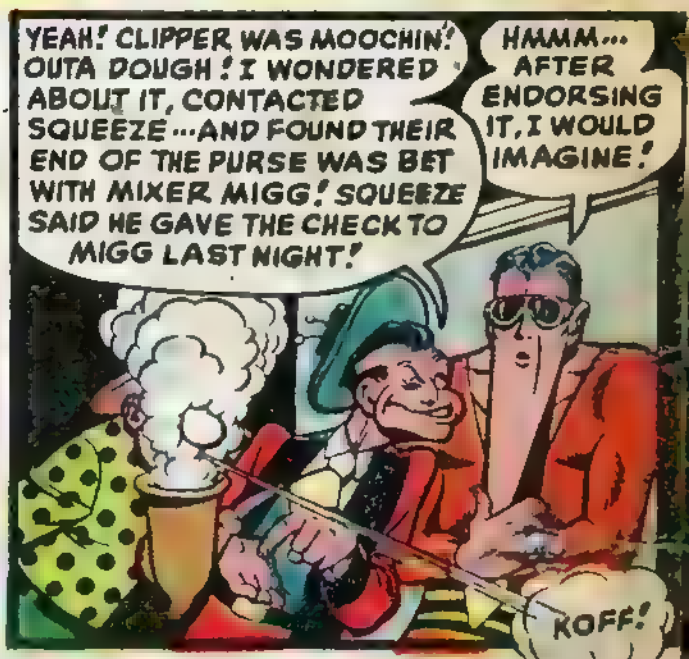

I MIGHT HAVE FORESEEN IT! A FIGHTER NEVER COMES BACK··· EVEN WHEN HE'S BROKE AND HAS TO! GOLLY, I'M HUNGRY··· I STARVED TO MAKE THE MIDDLEWEIGHT LIMIT!
2

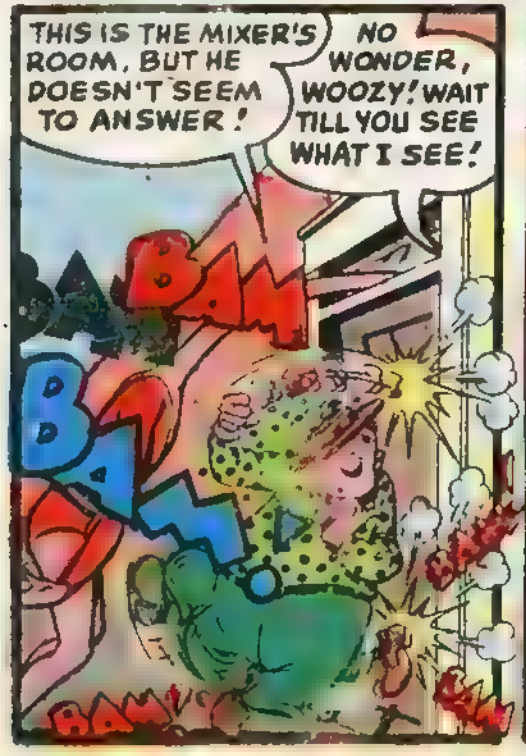
HI, CLIPPER OL' BOY! TOUGH ABOUT LOSIN' THE FIGHT... YOU WAS ROBBED!
NO, SPORTY... I WAS LICKED FAIR AND SQUARE! I WONDER IF YOU...
VS
GLAD I MET YOU, CLIPPER! LOOK, CAN YOU LET ME TAKE TEN BUCKS TILL THURSDAY? I'M FRESH OUT OF CASH!
I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU FOR FIVE, SPORTY! I SEEM TO HAVE MISLAID MY WALLET!
THE NERVE OF THE GUY! WANTIN' TO BRACE ME FOR SOME DOUGH! A COMPETITOR IN MY RACKET YET!
THE ONLY REASON HE SPOKE TO ME WAS HIS HOPE OF BORROWING! I'M NOT ONLY BROKE... I'M FRIENDLESS!
THERE GOES CLIPPER COLE! IF I KNEW HIM BETTER I'D INVITE HIM IN TO HAVE A BITE WITH US!
NO, PLAS! PROBABLY HE'S ON HIS WAY TO A BIG FEED... SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM FORGET THAT BEATING HE TOOK!
BILL
DID YOU CALL MY NAME?
IF YOUR NAME'S CLIPPER COLE, I DID! COME DOWN INTO MY LITTLE BASEMENT APARTMENT AND SHARE MY REPAST!
BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
YOUR COMPANY IS WHAT I WANT! EAT FIRST, THEN WE'LL TALK!
I DON'T GET IT! I'M BEATEN... BROKE... NO USE TO ANYONE!
AH NO, CLIPPER! YOU ARE OF THE GREATEST POSSIBLE USE TO ME!
SLURP
SLURP
SLURP
GRADE A


Next Day...
GEE, PLAS, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPERS?
QUIET, WOOZY! THAT'S WHAT THE CHIEF'S TALKING TO ME ABOUT!
NEWS
FIGHT MANAGER SLAIN!


RIGHT, PLAS! SQUEEZE WAS MURDERED AND THE CHECK FOR CLIPPER COLE'S END OF THE FIGHT WAS MISSING FROM HIS PERSON ··· BEFORE FEDERAL TAXES HAD BEEN PAID!
WHICH BRINGS THE F.B.I. INTO IT, EH? I'LL SEE WHAT GIVES AND WHERE, CHIEF!
F.B.I.
PLASTIC MAN


THERE MIGHT BE SOME EFFORT TO CASH THAT CHECK HERE AT THE MINE WHERE IT WAS DRAWN! I WANT YOUR COOPERATION IF ANY-ONE PRESENTS IT!
SAY, BUB, IF THAT PAL OF YOURS IS PLASTIC MAN, I GOT MAYBE A HOT TIP FOR HIM!


YEAH! CLIPPER WAS MOOCHIN' OUTA DOUGH! I WONDERED ABOUT IT, CONTACTED SQUEEZE ··· AND FOUND THEIR END OF THE PURSE WAS BET WITH MIXER MIGG! SQUEEZE SAID HE GAVE THE CHECK TO MIGG LAST NIGHT!
HMMM··· AFTER ENDORSING IT, I WOULD IMAGINE!
KOFF!

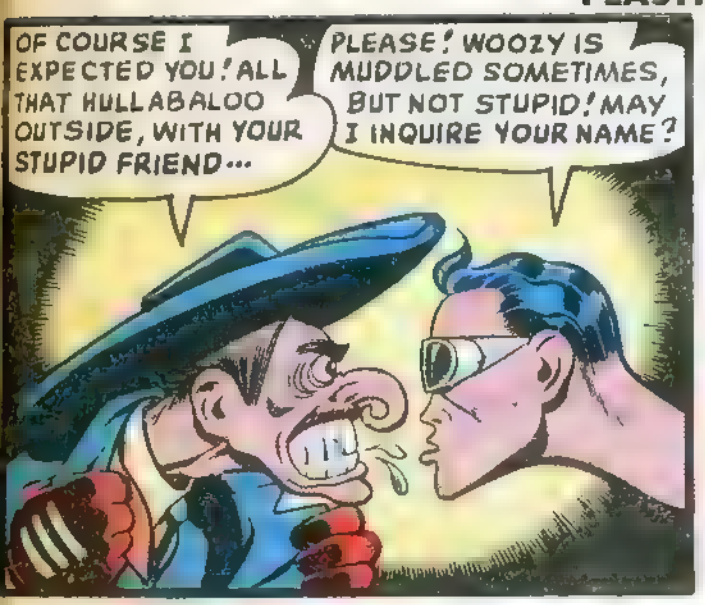

THIS IS THE MIXER'S ROOM, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO ANSWER!
NO WONDER, WOOZY! WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT I SEE!
BAM
BAM
BAM

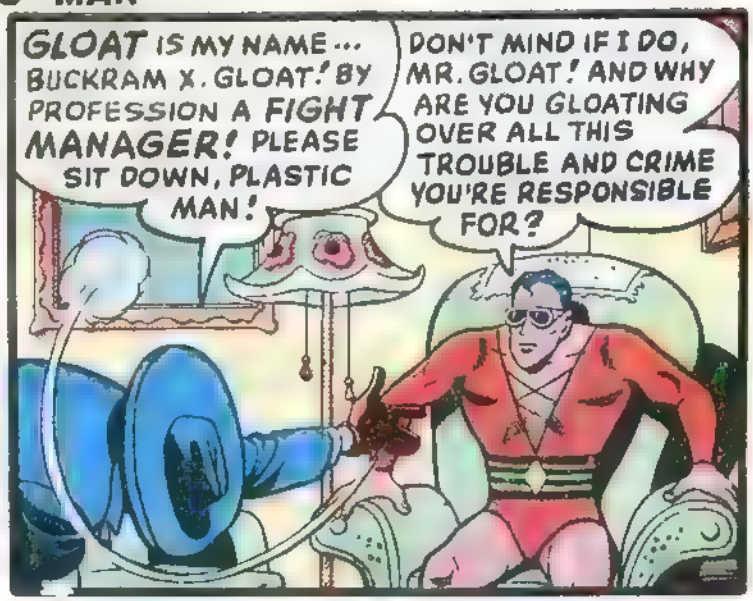
I DO SEE WHAT YOU SEE, PLAS!
IT'S MIXER MIGG! SHOT THROUGH THE HEART!

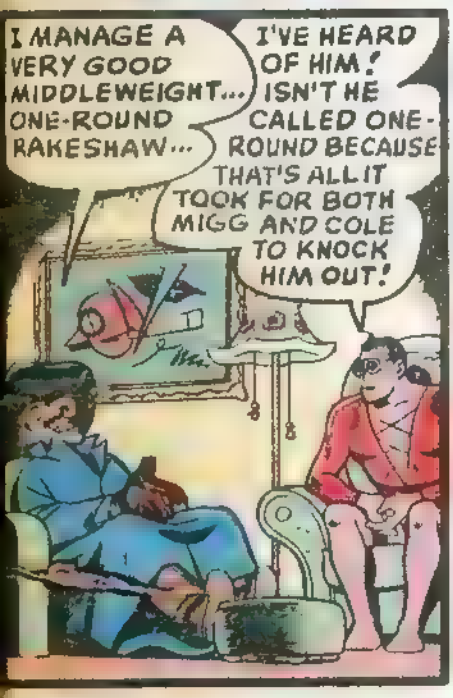
IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ROBBERY, PLAS! HERE'S THE MIXER'S CHECK FOR HIS END OF THE PURSE!
BUT THE CHECK SPORTY SAID SQUEEZE ENDORSED AND GAVE MIXER IS MISSING!
MIXER'S UNENDORSED CHECK COULDN'T BE CASHED ··· SQUEEZE'S COULD!

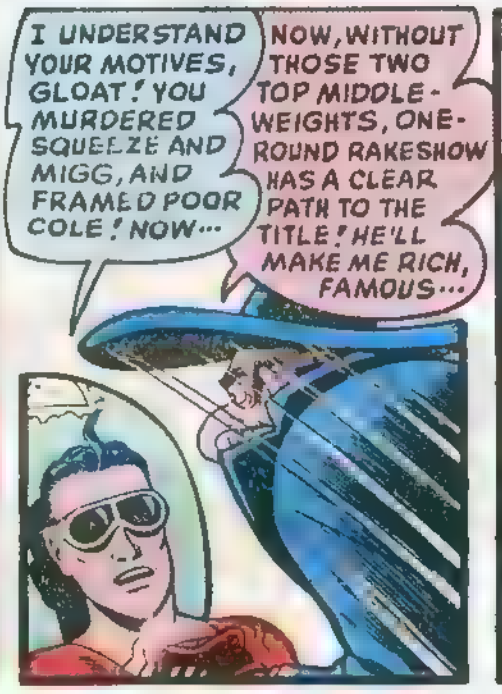
BUT IF HE DID GIVE THE CHECK TO MIXER, WHY WAS SQUEEZE BUMPED OFF?
I'VE GOT A THEORY, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO DISCUSS IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE BANK!
THERE'S A CHECK IN THIS ENVELOPE! A FRIEND WANTS ME TO CASH IT FOR HIM!
CLIPPER COLE... LET'S SEE WHAT BANKING BUSINESS HE'S UP TO!
THIS CHECK IS DRAWN ON THE ACCOUNT OF THE UNION STADIUM PROMOTING COMMITTEE... ENDORSED BY MR. SQUEEZE
MR. COLE, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ANSWER!
WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE TELLING ME? SQUEEZE DEAD... HIS CHECK IN THAT ENVELOPE... TAKEN FROM MIXER MIGG, WHO'S DEAD TOO...
IT ADDS UP TO GRAVE SUSPICION AGAINST YOU! IF THERE'S ANY EXPLANATION, YOU'D BETTER GIVE IT!
...I SAY IT'S RIGHT ON THE NEXT STREET... A BASEMENT APARTMENT WHERE A VERY KIND STRANGER GAVE ME FOOD AND ASKED ME TO RUN AN ERRAND FOR HIM!
SUPPOSE WE GO TALK TO YOUR KIND STRANGER -- HE MAY GIVE US AN ALIBI!
HERE'S THE VERY DOOR! HE SAID HE'D WAIT FOR ME TO RETURN WITH THE CASH! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHOSE CHECK IT WAS, OR ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
A LIKELY STORY! LOOK, PLAS!
5
BOARDED UP! AND, TO JUDGE BY THAT POSTER, BOARDED UP FOR A CENTURY!
VOTE FOR ANDREW JACKSON FOR PRESIDENT
NO! IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE!
TAP TAP

I'VE BEEN FRAMED! I'LL GO TO THE CHAIR IF I DON'T GET AWAY!
HALT, YOU MURDERER!
HELP! A KILLER! ESCAPING FROM... OOP!
COME BACK HERE, WOOZY!
CLIPPER COLE SPOKE THE TRUTH! HE'S BEEN FRAMED... SOMEBODY WANTS HIM TO TAKE THE RAP FOR THE MURDERS OF MIGG AND SQUEEZE!
BUT THERE'S NOBODY LIVING HERE! THAT CAMPAIGN POSTER DATES BACK TO MORE THAN 100 YEARS AGO... IF I REMEMBER MY HISTORY!
THE CAMPAIGN POSTER, YES! THE BOARDS, NO! LOOK, WOOZY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PLAS! THEY'RE NEW... STILL OOZING SAP!
GIVE ME ROOM! I'LL SMASH THROUGH!
AND WARN WHOEVER IS INSIDE? NO! LEAVE IT TO ME... GO REPORT TO THE CHIEF WHILE I FIND MY OWN WAY IN!
THERE'S A TINY CRACK BETWEEN THE LOWEST PLANK AND THE THRESHOLD!
PLASTIC MAN AT LAST! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
YOU EXPECTED ME?


OF COURSE I EXPECTED YOU! ALL THAT HULLABALOO OUTSIDE, WITH YOUR STUPID FRIEND...
PLEASE! WOOZY IS MUDDLED SOMETIMES, BUT NOT STUPID! MAY I INQUIRE YOUR NAME?

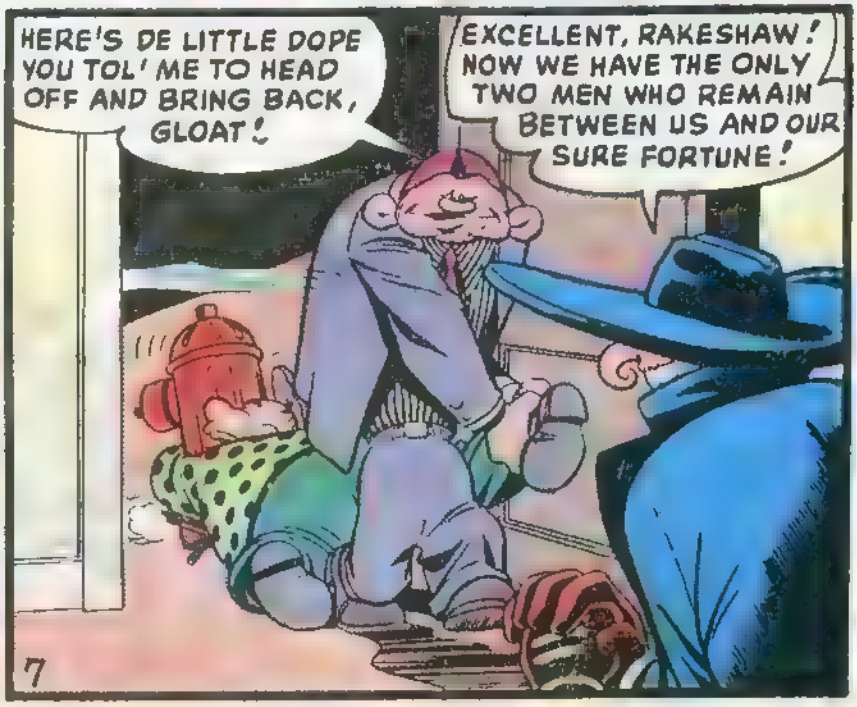

GLOAT IS MY NAME... BUCKRAM X. GLOAT! BY PROFESSION A FIGHT MANAGER! PLEASE SIT DOWN, PLASTIC MAN!
DON'T MIND IF I DO, MR. GLOAT! AND WHY ARE YOU GLOATING OVER ALL THIS TROUBLE AND CRIME YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR?


I MANAGE A VERY GOOD MIDDLEWEIGHT... ONE-ROUND RAKESHAW...
I'VE HEARD OF HIM! ISN'T HE CALLED ONE-ROUND BECAUSE THAT'S ALL IT TOOK FOR BOTH MIGG AND COLE TO KNOCK HIM OUT!


I UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTIVES, GLOAT! YOU MURDERED SQUEEZE AND MIGG, AND FRAMED POOR COLE! NOW...
NOW, WITHOUT THOSE TWO TOP MIDDLE-WEIGHTS, ONE-ROUND RAKESHOW HAS A CLEAR PATH TO THE TITLE! HE'LL MAKE ME RICH, FAMOUS...

THANKS FOR CONFIRMING MY THEORY! NOW YOU AND I WILL GO ALONG TO...
YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE, PLASTIC MAN! THAT CHAIR WAS PREPARED IN ADVANCE FOR YOU... COATED WITH A SPECIAL CEMENT TO TRAP YOU!

IT WON'T WORK, GLOAT! I SENT MY FRIEND WOOZY WINKS TO REPORT TO F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS!
YOU SENT HIM, BUT DID HE GET THERE? I HEAR FOOT-STEPS AT THE BACK DOOR!

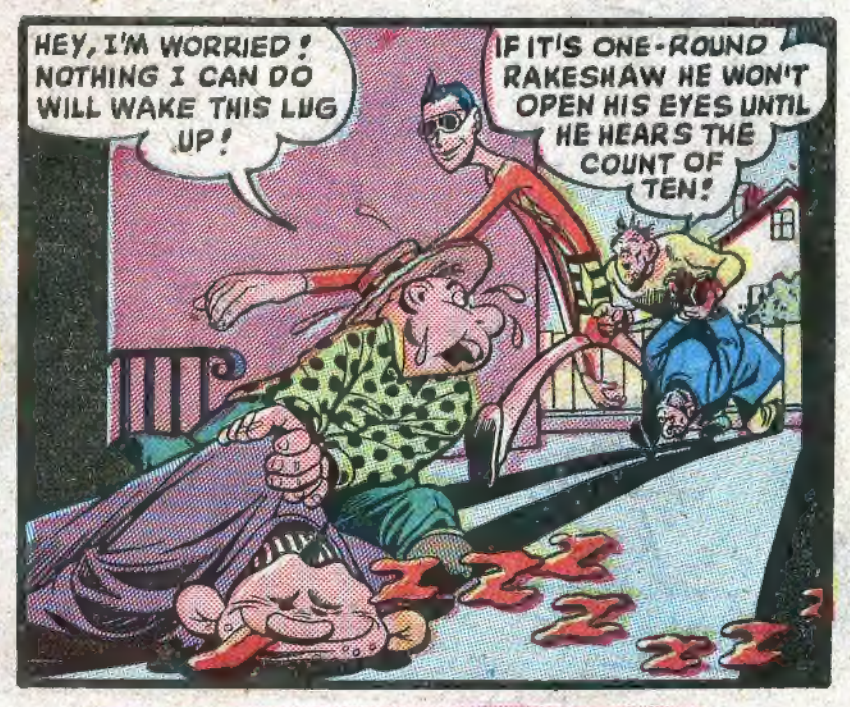

HERE'S DE LITTLE DOPE YOU TOL' ME TO HEAD OFF AND BRING BACK, GLOAT!
EXCELLENT, RAKESHAW! NOW WE HAVE THE ONLY TWO MEN WHO REMAIN BETWEEN US AND OUR SURE FORTUNE!

YES! MIGG DEAD .. COLE A HUNTED MAN AND DOOMED TO BE CAUGHT AND EXECUTED... YOU TWO IN OUR POWER...
WHAT SAY I START OFF BY POPPIN' DIS LITTLE PUNK'S HEAD OFF?
LET GO OF HIM, RAKESHAW!
PHINNG!
RUN, WOOZY!
NO, HE STAYS HERE... HE CAN WATCH YOUR DEATH AGONY, PLASTIC MAN!
NO SCALDING WATER, PLEASE!
LEMME ATTUM! I'LL SQUASH HIM LIKE A COCKROACH!
SPLENDID, RAKESHAW! THAT WAS A DESTROYING BLOW!
CORRECT! IT BROKE THIS CHAIR LOSE FROM ME!
RIP!
RAKESHAW, YOU FOOL! YOU MISSED HIM!
EVERYBODY MISSES PLAS, MR. GLOAT! BUT PLAS NEVER MISSES ANYBODY!
CRASH!
TOO BAD YOUR MAN ISN'T CHAMPION YET! PLAS WOULD TAKE THE TITLE FROM HIM IN ABOUT SIXTEEN SECONDS!
BAM!

LIE THERE UNTIL WE FIND A REFEREE TO COUNT OVER YOU!
COME IN HERE WITH ME, YOU MUTTON-HEAD!
THAT STOPS PLASTIC MAN! THE DOOR IS OF METAL ...NOT EVEN A KEYHOLE FOR HIM TO SQUEEZE THROUGH!
GANK
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
I'LL DES ROY YOU... BURN YOU TO ASHES... THEN TAKE TIME TO DEAL WITH YOUR RUBBER-RIBBED PARTNER!
AND ME WITH NO SUNBURN LOTION!
I'LL HEAT THIS STOVE RED-HOT ---AND YOU, TOO!
HERE I COME, WOOZY!
PLAS! I KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME!
AND I'LL SAVE MYSELF!
I'VE GAINED A FEW SECONDS ...ENOUGH TO BE SET FOR THAT FIEND IN PLASTIC FORM!

NOW LET HIM FOLLOW ME! NOT EVEN PLASTIC MAN CAN BOUNCE BACK FROM THE BLOW I'LL DEAL HIM!
PARDON ME, MR GLOAT, BUT...
DON'T BOTHER ME JUST NOW! I'M WAITING FOR PLASTIC MAN!
I KNEW YOU WERE, GLOAT! I GOT UR HERE AS FAST AS I COULD!
JUST IN TIME FOR A VERY SPECIAL RECEPTION!
ARE YOU ALWAYS SO STUPID? YOU CAN'T HIT ME!
CURSE THE BLACK LUCK! I'LL HAVE TO RETREAT AGAIN!
COME BACK!
NEVER! HERE'S ONE VICTIM YOU'LL NEVER CATCH!
IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR YOU TO SURRENDER! YOU MIGHT GET OFF WITH A LIFE SENTENCE...AT VERY HARD LABOR!
HARD LABOR! THAT'S A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO MENTION WORK TO HIM... THE WORD PUT WINGS ON HIS FEET!
ONCE AROUND THE CORNER AND OUT OF SIGHT, AND I'LL LOSE MYSELF IN THE CITY!


HEY, I'M WORRIED! NOTHING I CAN DO WILL WAKE THIS LUG UP!
IF IT'S ONE-ROUND RAKESHAW HE WON'T OPEN HIS EYES UNTIL HE HEARS THE COUNT OF TEN!
ZZZZZZZ

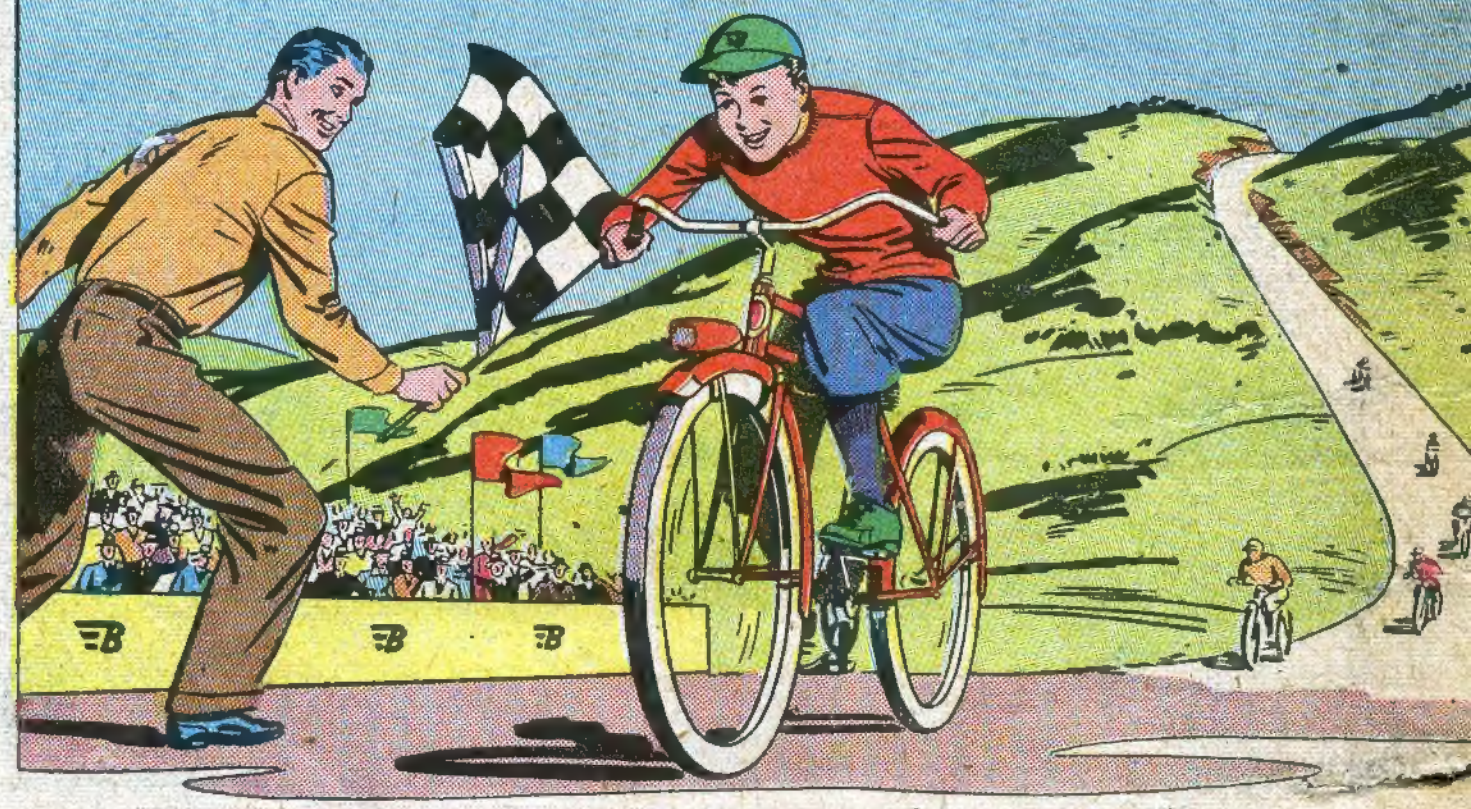
SOON...
THANKS FOR HELPING THE LAW IN THIS CASE, MR. COLE! YOU'RE CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES AND I WISH YOU LUCK IN YOUR NEXT COMEBACK ATTEMPT!
I'LL KEEP FIGHTING... BUT NO MORE STARVING!
F.B.I.

And as time goes by...

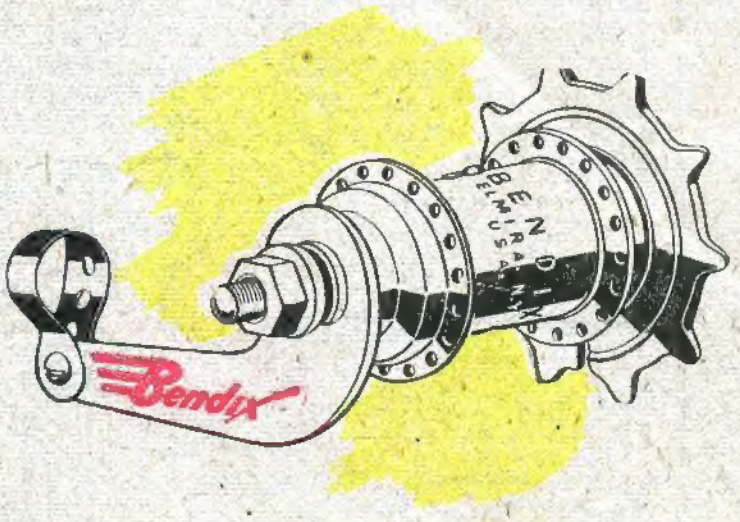
LOOK, PLAS! THE CLIPPER STOPPED STARVING HIMSELF TO BE A MIDDLEWEIGHT... HE'S DOING ALL RIGHT AT A FEW POUNDS HEAVIER!
I WONDER IF HEALTHY EXERCISE AT PRISON IS REDUCING RAKESHAW AND GLOAT!
SPORTS PAGE
CLIPPER COLE TAKES LIGHT-HEAVY TITLE!
REFRIGE

Bendix

Coaster Brake Wins Again!



Built and tested in the hills of New York State!



That's right! Bendix® Coaster Brakes are tested in the hills around our factory—and you should see how high and how steep they are! One test hill is over a mile long, and by the time we get to the bottom our bikes are really flying—though always under perfect control! On the curves, too, Bendix Coaster Brakes work like magic—slow us down until we're safely around, then let us pick up full speed again in a jiffy! Actual comparisons prove that Bendix coasts farther and faster! Ask your bicycle dealer to show you a Bendix Coaster Brake with all its new features, and always make sure any new bike you get has a Bendix Coaster Brake.

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Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—*"Dynamic Tension."* And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how *short* a time it takes *"Dynamic Tension"* to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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